of the Public Have Developed Heyand the "Oil Painting" Stage - The Hopsiess Mance Habit - A Gallery of Photographs. A Fifth avenue dealer in pictures was talking

to a little woman under a hig spring hat and a tall, slim woman with a lorgnon and a Bosten bonnet. The two wom in did not know each other, but had drifted into conversation about a bit of purple impressior tem, and the dealer

"Those things are fads," he said, "and we have to humor the public; but the American public is learning a thin, or two about art. Selling pictures isn't so discouraging as it was en years ago. People want better things, and more know a good thing when they see it."

"That's cheering," said the little "I understood we were going to the bad, mon spiritually, and sestisptically. What makes you so optimistic?"

"Ob, we can notice the improvement" in number of ways. There aren't many persons who can afford to indulge in good paintings, but, in the old days, we had customers were bound to buy oil painting's, even if they had only \$10 to spend. Maybe there are persons who feel that way now, but we don't run across them. Now, if a man can't afford a good oil or water color he takes a good etching o The increased popularity of black and white is one of the most encounaging indications of improved taste here in America. 'Vhy. I can remember the paintings and chromes we had at home when I was a child. They were mough to give an art lover nervous prostnution, and yet we were a very decent family and had a pretty nice bome."

The little woman laughed sympathed leally. "I know," she said. " 'Wide Awalq's' and "Fast Asleep' and 'Beatrice Cenci.' and 'Rook

"Exactly. Well, you don't find that sort of thing in such homes now. You'll see etchings or photographs of something really good. The next generation will have learned respectable art principles in their cradles. I was forn too soon to be a happy picture dealer."

"It is an excellent thing to have good pic tures in the public schools, as we do now," said the Boston woman. "The children seem very much interested in them."

The man grinned. "Yes, it is a good idea in some ways; but the teachers fuss about it a good deal. They say it is all right to have the ctores in the halls, but that when they are hung in the schoolrooms the youngsters get so interested in them that they neglect their less sons. There was a teacher here yesterday, and she said that the 'Laocoon' had demoralized her arithmetic classes so that she had to turn it to the wall before she could steer anybody past seven times seven. I guess it would be better if the children could learn about the pictures in regular art and history classes. I know if we had had interesting pictures on the walls when I went to school, I'd never have learned the multiplication table.'

The Boston woman rebulced his levity with her lorgnon. "Do the majority of your customers buy pictures because they are good from an art viewpoint?" she asked, looking as though even in early childhood she had never said "standpoint." "I don't know that they do. We have all

sorts of customers. Some of them know all about pictures, and buy a thing for its merit. Some buy a picture because it is expensive an ther've heard a great deal about the artist. seme buy because they like the picture and don't care what any one else thinks about it. We've educated some of our best customers. One man came in this morning and bought the gen of our collection. He sails for Europe this afternoon, and expects to stay several years; afternoon, and expects to stay soveral years; but he wasn't content to go away without owning that picture, so he bought it and left it here with us. Five years ago he came in and said he didn't know anything about art, but he wanted to buy a picture for his library. I gave him a coo' deal of time and stoered him away from some pretty poor things that took his fancy, and tried to interest him in something worth laying. There wasn't any use trying to work him up to the best art all at once, but I finally exrsuaded him to buy a very fair modern French nicture. He came in once in a while after that, and I talked pictures to him and sold him a few. Each time he bought something better, and at last he began to be interested in landscape.

andscape.

You know landscape is a test of art appreciation. Most uneducated persons like genrolictures, something with a story; but if any one comes in and picks out, a good landscape, you may bank on his having some art feeling. one comes in and picks out a good landscape, you may bank on his having some art feeling. Well, my man began to be enthudastic about iandscapes; and, at last, he bought a Mauve. That settled it. It's queer, but when a man begins on Mauve, he never knows where to stop. It's like the chloral habit. That thing is true. andscapes; and, at last, be bought a Mauve. That settled it. It's queer, but when a man begins on Mauve, he never knews where to stop. It's like the chloral habit. The thing is true in some other cases, but I've noticed it more often with Mauve than with any other artist. If one lives with pictures of his, it becomes a mada, and one can't resist buying others. This man I was telling you about has been buying Mauves ever since, and we've other cases like his. We call it the Mauve habit. Joe Jefferson is a confirmed victim to it. He can't resist one of the pictures; but no what says that his wife has made him promise not to buy another.

"A lady came in one day, and I showed her some photographs while she was testing, before coming upstairs to look at pictures. Every time she came to a photograph with sheep in it. she said she hated sheep in art, or nature and wouldn't have mutton on her table or her walls. We came upstairs, and the first thing she saw was a Mauve with sheep in it. She bought it, and she's another who has been buying Mauves ever since. Her attack came on very suddenly. "Things don't strike every one the same way, though. A Western man came in one day and I showed him that Mauve on the opposite wall, the one with the cow and the boy in a field. We think it is a beauty, but he wouldn't look at it. Said the pasturage was too darned poor for any cow he'd own."

The Boston woman smiled. "Wasn't that Western' she said pityingly.

The iitle woman flushed and turned her head until the roses on the spring hat waved wildly. "There are some very good pictures in Chicago, all the same," she asserted with dignity, and the dealer hastened to propitiate her.

"Oh, yes. Some of our best things go out hes whith a good art museum. It is shard to get old masterpieces, but one can't expect the people of small towns in any part of our country to know about pictures. We've no museums except in our arge cities, and the Government doesn't do anything to advance art in America. It seems a pity that any town of over 100,0

THE PICTURE STORE.

THE PICTURE STORE.

THE PICTURE STORE.

The PICTURE STORE.

The PICTURE STORE and the store of the collector about him. It's always a struggle for use to sell a good thing to some one clse, and yet that's what I'm here for.

The woman from Boston moved on into the other room, and the Western woman fastened but for fur collar. Then she stood healtains but finally leaned toward the dealer and said front.

The Picture STORE and STORE STRIKING EFFECTS IN THE STRING IMPORTATIONS.

No. A sicture dealer ought to be a cold-blood for picture. In all not a talet of the collector about him. It's always a struggle for use to sell a specific structure of the collector about him. It's always a struggle for use to have a specific structure of the collector about him. It's always a struggle for use to have a specific structure of the collector about him. It's always a struggle for use to have a specific structure of the collector about him. It's always a struggle for use to have a specific structure of the collector about him. It's always a struggle for use to have a specific structure of the collector about him. It's always a struggle for use to have a specific structure of the collector about him. It's always a struggle for use to sell a specific structure of the collector about him. It's always a struggle for use to sell a specific structure of the collector about him. It's always a struggle for use to sell a specific structure of the collector about him. It's always a struggle for use to sell a specific structure of the collector about him. It's always a struggle for use to sell a specific structure of the collector about him. It's always a struggle for use to sell a specific structure of the collector about him. It's always a struggle for use to sell a specific structure of the collector about him. It's always a structure of the collector about him. It's always a structure of the collector about him. It's always a structure of the collector about him. It's always a structure of the collector about him.

finally leaned toward the dealer and said confidentially:

"I've got, it."

"Got what!"

"The Mauve habit. I've had a bed case for two years, and i guess you'll have te sens me that one with the poor pasture. I'll bring my check book and my address in the morning." She started out of the room, but turned back to say with a demure smile.

"I'm not really, madiy devoted to Bonguereaus, you know. I wouldn't buy one; but she—oh, well, you know—and the man was indiscreet enough to laugh and nod his head sympathetically.

WHERE THE BOTTOM BELL OUT. An Astonishing Morney and a Mysterious Lake Met with by Railroad Bu iders.

"The most costly little stretch of roadbed for a railroad in this or any other country, I guess. said a contractor, "is on the Carbe adale division of the Eric Rallroad at Ararat Summit. At is only a quarter of a mile long, but it cost be tween \$250,000 and \$300,000 to make it ready for the rails, or at the rate of \$1,000,000 a mile The railroad was completed in ,1873 and trains had passed over it, but one night a quarter of a mile of the track and roadbed disappeared entirely and, a great quagmire occupied the place where apparently solid ground had been before Into this pit 10,000 carloads of gravel-about 100,000 tons-and 500 large henr ock trees branches and all, were thrown with out having any perceptible effect toward forming a botton on which a new roadbed could be founded.

"Then steps were taken by the contractors to find out the depth of the remarkable sink hole. Four piles, each 40 feet lour, were driver down, one on top of the other, before solid bottom was reached, showing the depth of the un-stable spot to be 160 feet. This fact established, a row of piles was driven, in the manner of the test piles, on both sides of the space re quired for the ros dbed. They were drive n clos together, so close that the work required nearly 8,000 of them. . These prevented the escape of anything dumped into the inclosure. For four months gravel, rocks and forest trees, entire were thrown into the pit before the all-absorb

months gravel, rocks and forest trees, entire, were thrown into the pit before the all-absorbing morass was overcome. Acres of hemlock forest were levelled to supply if e trees, of which 1,500 from 50 to 100 feet high, and with a spread of branches some times of 25 feet, were used. An adjacent gravel hill, 50 feet high and covering four acres was levelled to obtain maisrial for building up this remarkable roadhed, and rocks weighing many tons each wars tumbled into the depths before a solid way was made across it. If is doubtful if in the history of railroad construction just such a task ever confronted a contractor, although this one had a pretty close parallel, about the same time, on a New Jersey rai-road, which is also now part of the Eric system, or soon will be the New York, Susquehamp; and Western. "When that railroad was built it was known as the New Jersey Midland. The gracing of the road, was about completed through the northern part of New Jersey when one morning the habovers were amazed to see that the roadbed between Snufftown and Por. Tuttle had been transformed during the night into a pond misre than 50 feet wide and an righth of a mile long. The depth of this mysterious pond was so unded and found to be nearly 10% feet. The strangest part of the phenomenon was that the spot had formerly been heavily timbered, but the timber had been cleared from the land, which had for years, been under cuit vation. Near by there were, and are yet, great springs gushing out of the sround, forming 100 dispets site had been current history in that vicinity that eyeless fish and been taken, and this tree litten had led to the theory that there was an un derground lake the reabout, of which has surported by the opin ion of scientific persons who visited the place us, investigate the phenomenon was inported by said that the evidences of the surroundings were that a natural lake had once covered that soc at some time long past, and that it had been gradually covered over by the accumulating vegetable matter of ages, u

MORE ABOUT LATIN AND, GREEK. -Murtful to the Others.

In a second article printed in the Figure on the teaching of Greek and Latin, Jules Lemaltre somewhat qualifies the first as follows: "Understand me, I am not arguing in favor of abolishing high culture, of which the secondary classic training is a condition. There is no question of suppressing that training. The thing to find out is whether it is useful to give it to the majority of the sons of the bourgeoisie,

great or small. eat or small.
"Of course, it is a very good thing to have erudites, epigraphists, historians, jurists, phi-losophers, and even simple humanists. I can understand the teaching of Greek and Latin to young fellows of rare intelligence whose tastes an early age run spontaneously in that line and who show a decided prescrence for a purely intellectual profession. But as to the others whose tastes do not run in that direction, for gracious sake do not force them into studies for which they are unfitted! There will always be plenty of philologists and professors, just as there will always be plenty of artists, journalists, and men of letters. They need no encouragement. Moreover, I am not speaking of exceptions, but of the masses.

"It is absurd to put the mass of young men of the middle classes through a course of inatruction which for them can never be of any utility, even moral. To receive such a course of instruction without having an aptitude or

of the mindle classes through a course of the mindle classes through a course of the mindle classes and the surface of the prophilate her.

There are some very good pictures in Chicago, the dealer hastened to prophilate her.

"Oh, yea. Some of our best things go out the classes and the caler hastened to prophilate her.

"Oh, yea. Some of our best things go out it was a pay and of the country to know about pictures. We've no museums except in our are cities, and the Government doesn't do go the country to know about pictures. We've no museums except in our age of the good of the country to know a pay of the prophilate her. It is that to get old masterpieces, but one can set that of got old masterpieces, but one can set the good of the country to the prophilate her. It is the to got old masterpieces, but one can set the prophilate of the prophilate her and the good of the country pictures for a public galler; that was to be the him to the third the prophilate her and the prophilat

Their Place-Patterns for Bedrussus-Al-

In the new spring importations of wall papering there is no hint of the gilt tracery so long in Even the expensive drawing room rogue. papers show no gold in the design, and those intended for hall, library, and dining room are in softly blended, quiet tones, in imitation of tapestry, cashmere, and dragon-figured canvas. Papers for bedrooms are colored like fine chints in homely direct blues, reds, and greens, but the groundwork of one and all of these designs is lustreless and dull in finish. For the nursery come wall papers that are studies in bird and animal life, and fairy tale papers-a delight to child eyes, with the legends plainly indicated, and not too much detail to tire the understanding. For the living room there are substantial sanitary papers, comely to at, and for all their dainty would coloring and dull finish capable of being washed off in good earnest when soiled and of looling never the worse for it. For the bathroom the highly glazed tile papers (as much like colonial, and Dutch tiles as two peas) are shown, and te vary the choice tile papers in imitation of the French idea of their Flemish neighbors' waves are reproduced in amber and dull blue, and delicate old rose. The figures and houses on this tile papering stand out as if embossed, the flowers look ready to be picked from the ground work, and the highly glazed surface can be washed and washed again and show no sign of its reincarnation.

As for the den and studio papers, kept off to themselves, as if they were a little too unconventional and laxlaced to flock with the rest, the new patterns are more unique and interesting than any paperings that have been brought to this country or that have been turned out in any country previous to this spring. There is no hint of the war cloud or troublous times, either in the East or West, discernible in these bizarre mad-cap papers that look as if the designer had employed all the colors and symbols in existence to aid him in his work, and yet he kept them well in hand, as if he had given rein to his fancy and yet kept good hold of the curb. Peacocks of gorgeous dyes strut over the groundwork, but embowered in foliage and barred with gratings that the downright blue-greens, and hints of rose-color and gold, and velvet eye spots, seem subdued and only half revealed. Heraldic devices are employed on some of these den wall papers, but not such symbols and coats-of-arms as are grouped formally on the leather-colored hall naners and library papers. The fantastic in heraldry is dashed in with a liberal hand in these go-asyou-please designs that yet have method in them, but the formality is kept in the background and the coloring in every case is admirably blended and interwoven. Certain of these den-studio papers are unequivocally Japanese, for all of their scope of symbol and coloring. Other patterns are as plainly Russian in character; others again Flemish, showing goats, peaked hats, flagons, half-discernible legends, and the like. One novel pattern shows an adaptation of the bagpipes, kirtles and claymores of the Scotch; and an Italian blazonry wrought out in terra cotta, indigo blue and decided green has serperts and arched faces and

monastic figures intermixed fantastically. "But some won't have these studio papers, interesting as they are," says the salesman and he straightway produces an alternative. He unrolls a papering as much like green denim as unrolls a papering as much like green denim as anything that is not that especial thing can be, and hangs it over the slanting screen that does for a model exhibition board; then he gets a piece of molding shelf to define where the dado is to end, and gets a mingled green and ivory papering for the upper part of the wall and celling. "One dollar twenty-five for a nine-yard piece of this," he says, "and then you have a papering that will be a charnoling and unobtrusive background for anything you want to hang upon it. A few tankards and quaint old mugs and cups on the moulding shelf, a picture or two, or a plaque or crossed sabres on the-wall, and there you have you room complete. Green is the great natural background for everything, resiful to the eye, showing every object to the best advantage that is placed against it. On the other hand, artists and would-be artists and people who want a comfortable lounging room and have no trophies of travel or rich bricabrae to set it off with find great help in the florid, bold papers that give the necessary air of furnishing and color to the walls."

Not until this season have papers so expressly representing tapestry been put on the market. Some are as velvety and rich in appearance as old rugs, having all the subduced softness of tone and tint observable in those long-woven Oriental productions. The groundwork of many of these papers is checkered over, or lined, or indexed to imitate the canvas on which the figures and garlands are worked. All the varying wood tints, the russet reds and forest greens anything that is not that especial thing can be,

ing wood tints, the russet reds and forest speems of autumn leaves, blend in the pattern. Chinese patterns have more than a glow of vellow of the can devel be responded by the can devel by the speem and the can devel by the speem and the can devel by the speem are distinctive. Certain designs, intended for a grill room or dining hall, bint unuistakeably of creature comforts, of the things that are offered up to man's appetite; other natterns are smaller, less bold in character, and admirably suited to library or study. On first inspection you would never dream the admirably matched figures of the grown the figures. Another startling instance of the manufacture's ability to supplement the designer's ambition is a wall papering the facesimile of leather, copying that substance both in texture and color so far as appearances go. The rich gloss and warm coloring inherent in moracco and Russia leather uphoistering are cleverly reproduced. These papers have the figures standing out from the groundwork as though embossed, and are intended for a library or hall taking for granted the latter is light enough to admit of such decoration. Imistion of wood who for pall lang.

The pall langer of the groundwork of one nattern is of a lustreless, pale crimson, so dull as to look almost like a staining on a wood surface. Over this groundwork crimson roses clamber, roses velvely red and with all the bloom of the garden on their fresh petials. The effect is like an embossed paper in that the flowers appear to stand out in relief from the dull surface. A similar drawing-room puttern is not foregoing the first paper.

The deep velvet shade is the groundwork, and roses of paler lint stray over it. No hint of cilding or ornate finish appears in any one of the many new drawing-room patterns displayed. Only in the Louis XVI.

From the Chicago Tribune. "Shiftless as ever, Thomas I" said the weslthy uncle. "Still making a failure of life, as you always have done!" "I don't know that I'm such a terrible failure, "sulkily answered the poor relation.
"Why, you have nobody but yourself to support, and you can't make both ends meet."
"Well, the rainbow has only itself to support, and it doesn't make both ends meet."

A Missertest Tree at Fort Knex That He PROSPECT FERRY, Me., March 18,-The largest tree in the State of Maine stands on top of gravelly bank just inside of the walled inclosure surrounding Fort Knox, one of the four granite-casemated fortifications which the United States have constructed east of Boston The old "fort willow," or "war willow," as it is called by the residents, was planted as a sapling to commemorate the day when the English warships sailed up Penebscot River and laid all the towns between Castine and Bangor under tribute to the King of England.

John Pierce, a former fisherman, owned a farm

of 160 acres, extending from the narrowest

point of Pesobscot Narrows, a mile back, to the

top of Moore's Hill, and having eighty rods of

water frontage, where weirs were set for salmon, shad, and other fish. Above the tarm the river

expanded so that it was halfa mile wide opposite

Bucksport. Below, the waters dashed between

steep rocky banks that nobody could cultivate. In the autumn of 1814 Mr. Pierce, having taken is his welr hedges and harvested most of his crops, mounted his horse and rode five miles south to old Fort Pownal, hoping to get some news of the English troops that were in garrison at Castine, "He reache the settlement early in the forenoon, and learned that a fleet of warships had lately arrived from England, concerning which there were many reports, some contending that the vessels were about to sail up river and burn all the towns as far as the head of tidewater. While he was discussing the prospect with the people the ships heve in sight above 5% are's laiands and began to fire shots at the house of Cape Jellison. Seeing that the feet was undertul sail and making good headway before and the time of the ships heve in sight above 5% are's laiands and began to fire shots at the house of Daniel French, on the Neck' below Sandy Foint, a six inch about 18 and 18 a from England, concerning which there were many reports, some contending that the vessels were about to sail up river and burn all the

story about his Cabinet beem of a year age a he dinner of the Society of the Sons of Oneida. When, owing to the refusal of Cornelius N Bliss to accept the Treasury portfolio and the reluctance of Mr. McKinley to give a Cabinet place to Gen. Stewart L. Woodford, some alarm was felt lost New York should not have a repre sentative in the Cabinet, a momber of the Republican members of the House'from this State started a boom for Mr. Sherman for the place of Postmaster-General. One of them hurried off to Canton to present Mr. Sperman's name to the President-elect. Mr. Mc Kinley said that he had a high opinion of the Oneida county Con-

the President-elect. Mr. McKinley said that he had a high opinion of the Oneida county Congressman and would gladly consider his name in making up his Cabinet, but the indorsement of it. Sher man's mane by the representative of the New York Republicans in the Senate would be necessary. Mr. McKinley did not conceal his determination not to offer a portfolio to Gen. Woodford, even though it shut New York cut of the Cabinet.

The New York Congressman returned to Washington convinced that Senator Platt's indorsement would yettle attroublesome question, and a letter was immediately sent to the Senator, who was a', the time taking a rest at one of the Florida coast resorts. The men who started the Sherm in boom firmly believed that Mr. Platt, when he saw that New York might have no Cabinet officen, would withdraw Gen. Woodford's name and suggest Mr. Shorman's. Several days bassed without any word from Florida. At last, when the Oneida Congressman had given up all hone that Mr. Platt would recede from the pastion he had taken, a telegram came. Congressman Sherman and Congressman Focte of Port Henry had, retired to their room at the Arlington. They were awakened about midnight by a knock at the door. The door was one ier, and in rushed an enthusiastic crowd of Coty examen, dragging behind them a telegraph messenger boy.

"What the devil is up?" exclaimed Mr. Sherman.

man.
"Telegram from Platt." the crowd shouted.
"I guess not." said Mr. Sherman sleepily.
"The boy says it's from Florida; open it and

read it."
Mr. Sherman nervously tore open the envelope, pulled out and unfolded the telegram. The first thing, he saw was the signature, "T. C. Platt." He read the message and then without a word handed it to his friends. It read:
"Heartily indorse your Anti-Scalpers' bill."

COMMISSION OVERSHADOWS PAY. The Kennebunk Collector of Customs Europe \$0.94 a Venr from the Government.

From the Washington Post. Edwin Parsons of Maine was nominated by the President Monday to be Collector of Customs for the gistrict of Kennebunk, but his friends and neighbors will hardly begrudge him the new honor. The nomination, made on the indersement of Speaker Reed, is accompanied by all the dignit; attending the nomination of an Ambassador to the Court of St. James, but Mr. Parsons will never get rich over the cash Uncle Sam will bestow upon him for his services. A statement recently forwarded to Congress by Secretary Gaze gives the entire compensation last year of Charles C. Perlins, the retiring collecter at Kennebunk, as \$1,94, a Federal salary that the poorest paid fourth class Postmaster would look upon with disdain. The customs district of Kennebunk pays a smaller compensation to the Collector than any other in the country. There is no other Collector of Customs in the United States who does not receive a compensation five or aix times as great. The Collector of Customs at Saco, Me., received last year \$277.20, and Saco is the second smallest office in Maine. There are but few Collectors who receive less than the Collector at Saco. The office at Newburyport. Mass., paid last year \$110.07; the office at Bristal and Warren, R. L. \$93.07; the office at Port Jefferson, N. Y., \$66.80, and the office at Alexandria, \$180.22. Nevertheless, all these Collectors were nominated by the Frankent and confirmed by the enaste for his \$9.96 office, and will receive an imposing commission, signed by the Chief Exactive of the greatest rapublic on this earth. panied by all the dignit; attending the nominaPOCAHONTAS WAY NORTH.

CHILKAT MAIDEN SAVED THE LIFE OF A CAPTIVE ENGLISHMAN. A Thrilling Escape After Tortues and While Under Sentence of Death - Perget Wis Framise to Go Mack and Starry Ster.

From the St. Louis Globe-Demograt. Arthur Jordan, hunter, frapper, miner, and Klondike guide, has played the rôle of John Smith, while Pocahontas was impersonated by Annota, a beautiful maiden of the tribe of Chilkat Indians. Like John Smith, Mr. Jordan is an Englishman. While on a hunting expedition in British Columbia just ten rears avo he was oaptured by the Chilkat Indians on Skeens River, on the old Telegraph trail to the Yukon gold regions. He was subjected to many cruel tortures, but an Indian maiden who fell in love with him planned his escape, and to her skill and stratogy he owes his life. Not only did she save his life, but she saved a buckskin bag full of gold dust worth \$8,000. In truth, John Smith's experience with Chief Powhatan in Old Virginia is not "in it" when Arthur Jordan's ale of love and adventure with the Chilkat Indians in the frozen North is told. So let the bold hunter tell his own story in his own way.

"Twenty years ago I was a lad of sixteen summers, living with my father, who is proprietor of the Jordan Iron Works in Bristol, England, and I ran away from home and came to Ameri-ca," began Mr. Jordan, as he set in a quiet corner of the corridor of the Laclede Hotel and narrated his experiences. Jordan was attirol. in a common black suit of clothes, with black slouch hat, but wore high-topped boots of rellow tanned leather that laced up to the knees. They are the boots worn by all the miners of the West. Mr. Jordan is of medium height and of strong build, and his ruddy cheeks are bronzed by years of exposure.

"I have spent fifteen years in hunting and trapping, and occasionally mining, in the Northwest Territory," continued Mr. Jordan. "In the spring of 1885 I was at the head of Stewart River, 250 miles east of the spot where Dawson City now stands. My sole companion was a Chilkat Indian of the name of Secta. We had a cayuse apiece to ride, and we slept in a tepoe nade of caribon akins. At the head of the Stewart River are three small lakes locked in the mountains, and as we saw some color on the surface there, we pitched our tepec and made some washings for gold. We had only one gold pan, but with the additional use of frying pan the Indian and I washed out \$6,000

one gota pan. Out with the numbers it so a frying pan the Indian and I washed out \$6,000 worth \$\sigma_i\$ gold dust. We remained in that region until 1748, and had line sport in bear hunting. Shen we left we crossed the sources of the I cells and Liard rivers and pushed on to Lake Tecsa, 150 miles northe-st of Dyea.

"By the summer of 1888 we had come as far south as the Skeena River. The Chilkat Indians to the time were in an uprising against the whote hunters, but I knew nothing about it. One fine afternoon Seeta and I rode into a beautyful valley that lay between two tall mountain peaks. I was admiring the scenery, as nature was there displayed in all her rugged and primitive beauty. Suddenly Seeta, whose Indian mind was keen and alert, called my attention to the fact that we were nearing a Chilkat Indian village. I was congratulating myself on this fact, as I was glad to reach even an Indian village after three years spent with only my Indian companion in the mountains and plains to the north. I was contemplating a friendy greeting at the village, as an Indian dog barked savagely at my coming. Suddenly a half dozen salawart Indian bucks darted from the brush at savage's at my coming. Suddenly a half dozen spalwart Indian bucks darted from the brush at wither side of the trail and covered Secta and me with their muskets. Of course, discretion told me to make no resistance. It was only a moment until the bucks had disarmed Secta Potomac at the beginning of the war, and when had reached the rank of Major-Genoral he was shot while leading his division in the second battle of Bull Hun. In the meantime the casemated galleries of Fort Knox had, been completed at a cost of about \$2,000,00\(^2\), and about 100 heavy guns were put in bosition for syrice when Gan. Godrey Weitzel, ir ghis from the capture of Richmand, came to Main, to glacis at the rear of the fort, and to mak a this gheis the old willow would have to go. The engineers argued out the matter for some years, and the old tree way in great danger will Gen. Grant because President. Then Gen. John A. Rawlins, the Secretary of War, wave positive orders that no harn, should be done for the true, in the Administration of Mr. Haves apother attempt was made to have the willow, but down and the gravel bank restowed, but, Co. James C. Duane, who had charge of the Rame fortifications at that time, defended the aged tree against all its foat.

No new work has been done upon the fort since 1868, and no troops have been stationed there since 1870. A fat and ally ordinance sergeant takes charge of the property, which is rapidly going to ruin. Taongh Fort Knox is practically abax oned to the bats and owly, the old willow is growing upond cowls, the old willow is growing upond owls, the old willow is growing upond owls, the old willow is growing upond constructions at that time, defended the agent the constitution of the long and there is a possible to the property, which is rapidly going to ruin. Taongh Fort Knox is practically abax oned to the bats and owly, the old willow is growing upond cowls, the old willow is growing upond will for one week, although they kept us under guard constantly. Then our tortures began the control of the blood and I suffered the most charge and more three for my which is apply going to ruin. Taongh Fort Knox is practically abax oned to the trail and one of the blood and I suffered the most captured to the property of the Raman's shoulders. A big buck which is manner,

tired and my brains from being knocked out.

"Of course, I had not been dragged over the ground but a short distance until I was fate at anocked insensible. When I regained consciousness it was late at night. I was fate of all the course of the course of

and we had a good start. Annota led the way along a trail straight up a sloping mountain 3,000 feet high, until we stopped on a level plateau on the backbone of the ridge. The regular Indian trail was around the bottom of the hisf, and by going up t. side of the mountain to the top we eluded our pursuers. Once on top of the mountain Annota kissed me good-by and said I must come back and find her again. She said she would have to work her way back to the camp again quickly, before her absence was discovered.

"Begta and I rode along the top of the moun-

sans and she would have to work her way back to the camp again quickly, before her absence was discovered.

"Seets and I rode along the top of the mountain all night. At daybreak we looked down and saw then Indians following the other trail in the valley below. They followed us for three days, and then we saw them return in diagnet. The buckshot made my leg swell, and the pain and fever were severe. The second night I picked out the buckshot with my penkulfe annota had fortunately given me, and I washed the wounds in snow water, and then made a poultice of wild balsam bark and tied it around my leg with a part of my shirt. The balsam roduced the fever and swelling. I couldn't bear any weight on the lame leg. I travelled that way for one week, and went down into the valley on the other side of the mountain 125 miles from where I was captured, and there Seeta and I found a lodge of friendly Chilecotin Indians, and an old clutchman isquaw) nursed me a short time. Seeta left me here. I findians, and an old clutchman there is was nursed by a French trader at Lillocet, a small mining town, and then I rode to bytton, on the Canadian Pacific Raifroad, and took a train for Vancouver, R. C., where I first found a doctor, one ment's after I had been short. I then went to Sam Francisco and apent the winter there, and spent the \$0.000 of gold dust that Annota had saved for me in seeing the "d'ophant." I sever saw or heard from Annota from the night she kissed me good-by on that mountain ron.

"I went back to the Pelly Rivor country in "the part the same and the part of the mountain ron."

from the night she kissed me good-by on that mountais top.

"I went back to the Pelly River country in 1800 and brought out \$15,000 in gold dust and \$300 wor'h of furs and buckskin. I sold them in Vancouver. While there I met by chance Miss Clara Collins, 18 years old, whom I had known back in old England when she was a little girl. She was living in Vancouver with her parents. To make a long story short, Miss Collins beckme my wife, and she is to-day visiting her parents, who are now living in Spring field, Mass."

THE NEW HARLEM BRIDGE

A Much Desired Public Improvement Whiel Man Reen flomewhat Beinged.

There has been considerable complaint of late mong those having occasion to cross the Third avenue bridge over the Harlom at 129th street. and some of the Harlest residents (and some o the Bronx residents, too) have been claiming that the work for which the city expended last year \$226,500 on contracts and \$1,033,000 on the acquisition of land for approaches has been un reasonably delayed.

For many years there was in use over the Harlem what was known as the old bridge, an iron structure resting on stone abutments and iron piers, a drawbridge very little raised above the water line, and requiring frequent stoppages of travel to let boats pass. This in terruption of traffic between Harlem and the Bronx was not only vexations to pedestrians. but it was injurious as well to business; and when, In 1892, the War Department in Wash ington adopted a comprehensive scheme for the improvement of the Harlem River waterway, to be connected by ship canal with the Hudson, it became necessary to construct a new bridge at 129th street. struct a new bridge at 129th street. A contract was made for a new bridge on Oct. 16, 1893, the terms of this contract being that the new structure should be built and ready for traffic within 450 working days after the beginning of work. Necessarily the old bridge had to be taken down to make way for the few one, and there was constructed the temporary bridge now in use, which required six months to build, and which was opened to the public in June, 1894. It is a low, wooden structure, over which trolley cars run, vehicles are driven, and passengers walk, but it does not furnish the people of the neighborhood with the facilities they desire. The time for the commetion of the new bridge has expired, but it has been extended from time to time by reason of alterations and morifications which have been made in the original plan, alterations having been made three times. The claim is that the property for the north side approach was turned over to the contractor in September, 1896, and this approach and the bridge would have been opened last July if in April, 1897, the plans were not changed and from work substituted for the stone. The land for the "horse-shos," or Third avenue suproach, was ready to operations on Jan. 1, 1892. The city of New York is paying as rental to the contractor for the use of the temporary bridge \$225 a month, but the expenses attending its operation include the pay of three shifs to fensioners, four bridge tenders, one bridge carpenter, coal, oil, lighting, and rep viring. A contract was made for a new bridge

and rop viring.

The matter of the opening of the Harlem Third avenue bridge was recently brought up in the Municipal Assembly, but no definite action upon the subject was taken, and it is now stated that May 24, the anniversary of the opening of the Brooklyn Bridge in 1884 (it is also Queen Victoria's birthday) is the date unofficially fixed for the opening of the new bridge. When the bridge is opened, whether in May at the date now fixed or later, it will serve matterially the convenience of the people on both sides of the river, and there is already some talk of a public demonstration at the time.

Two Ways of Discharging Coal from Causi-

Scoops like those that are used in taking mud from under water, in deepening slips, that shut together in the mud, biting out a great monthful of it to be lifted up and dropped into s scow, are also used in unloading coal-in taking coal out of boats. The ordinary way of unloading coal from boats into carts on the wharf alongside is with big scoops holding a quarter of a ton each, which are hung on pivots so that when they are cast loose they can easily be upget and emptied. These scoops are filled in the boat by men who tip the eccop on its side, toward the coal, and scrape the coal down into it until it is almost full and then right it up and finish filling it with shovels. The scoop is hooked on to a rope and holsted up by horse or steam power to the driver waiting with his curt on the wharf, who empties the scoop into his cart. Meanwhile the men below are filling another scoop. The shovellers who do this work earn good wares, but they must be men of strength and endurance, and they must he men of strength and endurance, and they may have to work long hours.

The steam scoop is used in only the smaller sizes of coal, but the work that it does is done much cheaper than it could be done by hand shovelling. The scoop is dropned, open, upon the coal in the hold of a canal boat and then closed by power operated by the engineer who runs it. The scoop are drawn together down parts of the scoop are drawn together down through the coal until they meet, thus holding the coal inclosed.

The scoop is then hoisted up and swung in by power, not over the cart, but over an elevated pocket or bin, which has a spout on each side so that two carts can load at once. When it has been swung in the scoop is orened, to discharge its contents into the pocket, and then it is swung out again and once mere dropped open upon the coal in the boat below. until it is almost full and then right it up and

is awang out again and once mere dropped open upon the coal in the boat below.

Protests from Councilmen Who Wanted Nothing but the Pinta American Emblem. READING, March 19.-The adoption of an file is I flag for the city for the coming sesquientennial celebration here in June develope I an interesting debate in the City Council. The flag s divided into three perpen leular parts-red. white, and blue. In the centre, or white ground, is a coat of arms in black and yellow, consisting of a beehive, with William Penn's coat of arms. the figures of Thor and Vulcan representing Reading's iron industries; the staff of Mercury issuing from a mural crown; black shield and gold band, with the motto, "Dec adjuvante

gold band, with the motto, "Deo adjuvante labor profici," Many of the members of the Council did not understand such a hifalutin flag. Werveloran Even exclaimes:

"I will never comean that a thing like that shall toke the place of Od Gory. There is a resolution on the records of this Council that no flag but the Stars and Stripes shall ever float over our City Hell, and I protest."

Councilm a Bach said: "The people of Reading are educated in English, and I protest against any latin inscript on. Not five men in this chamber know what it means."

Councilm that Pry vigorously opposed any crown on the flag. "Phose two flaures look like foreign trinces, and the colors are Dutch, he said." I don't believe in such glorination of royalty, because we ere a plain people, without any with a hammer than those fedows."

Councilman Vitoran exclaimed: "We want no flag with crowns or Spanish or Latin Inscriptions about Cuba or anything else.

Mr. Hachashit: "Latin is too close to Spanish these days. We want nothing like that on our flag to discrare it."

It. M. Richards, one of the Centennial Committee, was allowed to have the privilege of the floor. He hoped the Council would not make the flag the laughing stock of the country by putting an English inscription on it. It said the three balls represented the coat of arms of William Penn, whereupon one of the members exclaimed it was a pawabroker. Mr. Richards explained that the Latin inscription to English was voted down, and the flag was finally adooted, but not until strong protests were heard from other members, who said they want a fag is American, with not a shadow of the old country, on it.

SOUTHERN FOREST FIRES. COSTLY CARELESSNESS OF WHICH THE NEGRO IS GUILTE.

Blance Started by Parmers and Hunters That

Cause Great Bestruction-Spectacle. Turpentine Farm in Flames.-Wanten Banes ago Bone to Trees by Negroes on Farms. When the March winds rattle at his cabin door the plantation negro rouses himself from his winter lethargy and proceeds to get his land ready for planting. He rolls the dead pines that have fallen across the fields into rrent heaps here and there, and sets fire to them. He rakes up the splintered twigs, broken limbs. and hits of bark which the winter's storms have strewn over the ground, and burns them also. He sets fire to the ; lece of "new ground" which he proposes to sdd to his farm any tenant at the South can get "new ground" rent free for the first three years for the clearing up of it—and the flames consume the under brush and got him started in the way of clearing up. All these fires the negro kindles purposely, and with the best intentions, but they in turn start other fires that are by no means intended, and do much damage. Large tracts of timbered land are burned off, owing to this reckless use of the torch as an agricultural aid.

"There's a fire out over north of us," or each or west or south, as the case may be, is the annowncement heard on many a plantation on a windy afternoon, and the person in charge of affairs generally utters an emphatic exclaims tion, if there is good timber, or good turpentine land in the holding, and uses words neither weak nor indefinite relative to the idiot who let the fire spread. He goes with all hands to help arrest the flames, however. A pickaning failing a victim to one of these fleror pine woods fires is nothing unusual, and even grown women who venture recklessly near meet sometimes with dire accident. The irresponsible negroes and illiterate whites cannot be made to understand that the one month of all the twelve presminently devoted to the carnival of the winds is not a fitting time in which to make experiments with fire.

The country negroes are adepts at fightings fire. They either start another fire to burn toward the original one, and so vanquish the flames by despoiling them of fresh material, or else they rake clean a wide path all around the burning district, or plough a path, if there are fences to be saved, or a cabin is in danger, or maybe the barn or outhouse of the owner himself be threatened. Often the fire threatens to reach to the turpentine still, with its well-filled.

self be threatened. Often the fire threatens see reach to the turpentine still, with its well-filled barrels, and then even women and children are put to raking for dear life. Fighting fire in this way is all very well as long as the fire is on the ground, but when there is a high wind blowing the flames take their own way of frustrabing any plans devised to control them, and intense excitement ensues. Any building in the path of the fire is given up for lost.

A turpentine woods tract on fire is a sight to be remembered. The great trunks that are full of sap and vigor are the last to succumb, but the s'ender boughs at their top are speedily in a blaze. Plumes of orange and amber light dark upward as the fire gains beadway, and the flames hiss and crackle gleefully as they leap from tree to tree. The undergrowth flames up furiously one moment and dies down the next, as the flerce heat consumes the slender shrubs and bushes. In the dense smoke the tall columns of the pines look darkly, as through a mist, and the forms of the nexroes, with their rakes and pitchforks, resemble uncanny spirits assisting at some weird sacrifice. The air is filled with the straining and snapping of limbs, and the roar of the rushing flames. Now and then a giant tree comes crashing to, the ground, as the fire burns through its heart, and hollow logs and unsuspected crevices give our reports like a pistol shot when the flames sports within them.

Just as the woods when on fire present a strik-

bollow logs and unsuspected crevices give our reports like a pistol shot when the flames sports within them.

Just as the woods when on fire present a striking and impressive spectacle, so their appearance when the flames have died out is inclanated in the street. The best of the great tall pines have stood the ordeal, and although charred up to the branches, the topmost boughs are greer and spley, and emphasize the desolation below. Many of the toughest shrubs and scrub oaks, are left standing likewise, but everywhere is spread a carpet of ashes and here acolumn of smoke comes upout of the ground, where some lightwood stump is yet smouldering, the fire having burrowed in even to the roots.

"In days when there were rules to guide the negroes in every smallest detail, they never dreamed of dropping fire about as carelessly as they do now," said a planter who last year had his mill and gin house burned as the result of a woods fire. "They were punished if careless in this respect, and care was taken that they did not violate the rules, either on their master's plantation or wherever they went yeisting. Since freedom, there being no rules for them to stand in awe of, and not being intelligent enough to foresee the results that may attach to their carelessness, they do no end of mischief. A negro will go hunting and kindle a fire either to sleep by or for cooking, and walk off leaving a brisk baze in his wake, to burn up maybe a mile of woods before the flames come to some object that quenches them. If he thought of it, he would outen the fire, as he calls it, but he doesn't think; besides, the paralyzed at the idea of a house burning, or fences or a stable, or mill, anything, in fact, of material value, according to his idea of cost, but a wood, where things just grow naturally and are renewed each year, he deep not consider

paralyzed at the idea of a house burning, or fences or a stable, or mill, anything, in fact, of material value, according to the idea of cost, but a wood, where things just grow naturally and are renewed each year, he dees not consider as of the levet consequence. He'll ring the trunk of the finest oak in the country if it happens to shade a dozen stalks of his cotton or core, and I've seen a darky blaze a ring around a magnificent walnut treet growing on the road-aide for the same crason. He likes walnuts, but at the Ume he destroys the tree that would give them to him. It is springime then, now walnut time. Wild cherry trees, maples, sweetgums, cottonwoods, all are effaced from the carth in a like barbarans manner, unless you keep after your transits all the time and expressly stimulate that the trees shall be left on the roadside. The positionon is the only tree for which the near o seems to have any feeling, and the only tree he leaves standing in his field. That, I aresume, is on account of the possition of that his cotton for a fine tree, and the only tree fine oaks ov r on the edge of that his cotton for a fine tree, and have given orders time and time action has the force time and the action has read after too for a fine tree, and have given orders time and time action has forced a blazed ring, herked brevs thich, about the trunk of the blavest eak. I hauled him up about it, and he made one crease, promising not to touch the other two. He sarried out the letter of my lisstractions, but not the spirit, for you will see that tree have been kindled at the round of a have a wreat and the made one crease, promising not to touch the other two. He sarried out the letter of my lisstractions, but not the spirit, for you will see that tree have been kindled at the round of a harden and the mutilisted. One of the woods were not of the fine have promising not to touch the chert woo life sixth of the house, hur I says admired them, and I said not he would have round for the says worther provided have round to the ho

From the Topeka State Journal.

'The queries' toubstone I ever saw was in Hays ('liy,'' said a man who has known Kansa's for a good many years, and during the times when the short grass sections were, as Easterners say, 'wild and woolly,'' lived in Hays ('liv') was years ago, when 'Boot Hill,' the cemetery where men who fell with their boots on were huried, was in the height of its glory and was growing ratidly. Well, to make a long story short, one of the wearers of long boots, revolvers, and howle knives was killed one day, and as in all such esses he was promptly buried, As soon as the Coroner gave as the reason he was killed that he was 'careless and did not have his wespons on,' he was carried right out to Boot Hill and buried.

"Where is the tombstone! He ought to have something,' said one of the party. All the boards that were kept for such use had been used, so a member of the party rustled around and came across a railroad signboard about two inches titlek that had the corners cut off and looked much like a headboard. It was painted whits and accused to be just the thing. The name of the owner of that six feet of earth was painted on the board and it was set up, and not till then was it noticed that there was something on the other side. There it was big black letters that could be read for a gent to read for a good target of a mile, 'Look Out for the One."